

# Years Spent in Prison

By

Gorky, Andreyeff, Korolenko

Translated by

Marya Galinska

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BY

GORKY, ANDREYEFF

AND

KOROLENKO.

Translated from Russian

BY

MARYA GALINSKA.

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MAXYM GORKY.



## MAXYM GORKY.

---

HIS real name is Alexy Pieschkov, but he is only known by his nom-de-plume: Gorky (bitter). Bitter indeed were the days of his childhood.

He was born in 1869, in the town of Nijni-Novogrod, in the workshop of a painter-varnisher.

His grandfather was an officer in one of the regiments in Siberia, and treated the soldiers so cruelly, that even the Tsar, Nicolae I.—who was notorious for severity—dismissed the veteran from the service.

By his action this tyrant forced Gorky's father to leave the parental home in Tobolsk.

Arriving at Nijni-Novogrod he occupied himself with a trade, and afterwards married the daughter of a rich merchant, who was the grandfather of Gorky on his mother's side.

Gorky's maternal grandfather was formerly a common "burlak" (a workman drawing the vessels on the river Volga). By wit and a strong will he became possessed of a fortune, which facts Gorky records in his novel "Tom Gordiejev." But soon afterwards his grandfather lost the whole of his fortune; while Gorky's parents themselves remained without a roof. They took their son away from the school, where he had passed only five months, and subsequently apprenticed him to a shoemaker, with whom, he did not however, long remain, and finally the instinct of rambling and the pains of poverty drove him to the Volga, which river, from this time, exerted an influence

on the whole of his life, as well as on his imaginative powers.

His first venture was as a kitchen-boy on a vessel. During the voyages he manifested a liking for books, and it happened that the cook, his superior, had a big box full of volumes. This chef (Smurij) and Gorky used to read together these books. This anomalous study served to feed Gorky's romantic and poetic tastes, while practical life accustomed him to realism.

When Gorky was sixteen years old, he wished to study, and, having left the marine service, went to Kazan, where, however, in consequence of the many difficult conditions imposed on the means of instruction in Russia, he could not enter any school.

Having no employment he found himself very soon among barefooted tramps, the outcasts, and scum of mankind, who

often had no home. These wretched people were ready to do anything in order to earn money. Such then were for the time being Gorky's teachers, with them he suffered hunger, frost and poverty.

Later on, he engaged himself to a baker. His master was fond of books, thus resembling the cook (Smurij). With his employer he used to read and meditate, looking up to heaven! Gorky has immortalised this baker in his novel "Kononov."

Accompanying him Gorky walked in the fields, and both of them would often enter a cottage, where different kinds of poor men, tramps, and burlaki gathered together. They, after having been treated with vodka (whisky), would commence narrating the events of their own lives, for the most part a summary of what they had seen and heard in the wide world. These reminiscences rent the



hearts of the listeners more than printed stories could ever have done.

Gorky carefully collected all these materials, and made good use of them in his book "White People."

At one of these gatherings all present were arrested by the police and placed in the police cells; where young Gorky made the acquaintance of some students, who had been irregularly arrested and who afterwards sought his society. In university circles he imbibed different ideas and thoughts from those fermenting in the hearts and brains of his former associates.

While sheltered in the cottage with these miserable people he had been given vodka (whisky) to drink, and now ushered into these higher circles he was fed by abstractions. It is easy to understand the awe reigning in his young mind, when, after some philosophical meeting, he had

to take refuge at night in the dark cellars of the bakery.

Finally, his brain half turned, and his heart torn with so many longings which he failed to gratify, our hero decided to take away his life. He was but nineteen years old when he tried to blow out his brains with a revolver. "I am revived," he says with humour, "and have decided to sell apples."

Soon after this experience literary zeal began to awake within him.

In 1892 he published in the provincial newspapers his first narrative, which attracted the attention of Korolenko, who took an interest in the author.

Thanks to Korolenko the newspapers opened their columns for Gorky. During the first six years he was almost entirely unknown. Criticism began to occupy itself with him only in the year 1898, when appeared his "Narratione."

At first critics received him doubtfully, but afterwards burst into panegyrics. In the year 1899 Gorky arrived at St. Petersburg, and in that capital a banquet was given in his honour, and when he appeared on the platform his audience quite lost all self-control, and at the close made him a great ovation, covering him with flowers.



## POGROM.

---

THIS took place some fifteen years ago in one of the towns situated on the banks of the Volga.

One hot June morning I was by the river occupied in covering a ferry-boat with tar.

The dinner-hour was approaching, when I heard from a retired part of the suburbs a deafening sound, like thunder, and after that a noise like roaring of bulls enraged by hunger. Feeling hungry myself I wished to finish my work as quickly as possible, so I did not pay any more attention to these sounds, which seemed to me to be far off. However, they grew louder and increased every minute, like the smoke which rises above a conflagration.

Over the suburb hung a thick cloud of dust, slowly spreading itself out in the hot air. I looked in that direction, and it seemed to me that the atmosphere was teeming with different sounds, which, broken into atoms, moved and danced together with the dust, growing more and more thick and voluminous. These noises gradually came nearer, so that now I could easily distinguish in the general chaos voices, and finally an indistinct picture appeared, my heart began to beat rapidly, and I felt a presentiment of the approaching tornado of destruction.

I abandoned my work and climbed on the sandy elevated strand; from there I saw men running out of houses in a great hurry, and in dreadful fright and disorder filling the street, and this mob directed its steps towards the interior of the suburb. The crowd was accompanied by children and dogs voiceless out of perplexity; the

pigeons were hovering above their heads, the hens entangled underfoot.

Attracted by this running stream of people, I began to run along with them.

"They beat on the Ekaterininskaya Street!" somebody cried.

In the front of the crowd some driver urged on his horse with the reins, sending him forward at full gallop in the unpaved street, and shouting loudly:

"They are murdering us."

I turned into a narrow, silent street, and there I halted. It was so filled and barricaded with different kinds of rubbish that its appearance reminded me of a torn bag of corn. From the distance continually came howlings and terrible noises which pierced to the marrow of one's bones; window-panes were being broken, then came heavy thuds like those of falling bodies, and a dreadful cracking sound of breaking things. These sounds

occurred at intervals and then together, joining with the pulses in the air like a terrible autumn storm.

“They are murdering the Jews!” an old man with a pleasant expression on his face was saying with satisfaction. Saying this, he rubbed his small, dry hands, and added:

“They are doing well.”

I went towards this side from where came the cries, obedient to their fatal power, which now had influence over me. I was not the only person affected in this way. I noticed that this noise re-acted upon the crowd surrounding me, exciting it to such degree that it seemed to be a storm-tossed sea. The faces surrounding me expressed rage and brutality, and their eyes I saw glittered wildly, and the whole of this moving mob threw itself forward in a compact mass, ready to shatter and destroy anything which happened to stand



in its way. All these men without hesitation trampled down those who were before them, trying to press forward over their bodies, carried away by the wave of rage and destruction.

I succeeded in reaching the court-yard of one of the houses in this street through the fence of planks which divided it from the court-yard of the neighbouring house.

From this I went on to the next, and so on, until I found myself in the densest part of the crowd. The earth seemed to shake under the feet of the falling and maddened mob, which filled the court-yard of a large house, which had others like it adjoining.

With lifted heads these men invaded the houses; their faces were wild; in their open mouths their shining, sharply pointed teeth gleamed. They pushed each other's sides with fists, and climbed and threw themselves upon the roofs of

the adjoining houses. Despite the different gestures of everyone of these men, they all had some common work of similarity; they were separate parts of a giant body, moved by one titanic power.

Looking from above, this whole mob seemed to express a moving hatred; at that moment it was directed against an emaciated Jew, who, mad with terror, hid himself upon the top of the house, with his whole poor and trembling body clinging to the prominent chimney. With shaking crooked figures he tore out one brick after another and threw it down with a sharp shrill cry like the voice of a mew pursued by an eagle. His long, white beard was quivering on his chest and his white trousers were covered with bloody stains.

Each time he threw a brick, the screams grew louder.

“Throw these at him!”

“Hand me the gun! Throw stones at him!”

“Shoot him! We must climb on the roof!”

At the windows of the house appeared and disappeared dark silhouettes of people, who having reached the interior seized and destroyed all that they found there. With clashing noise the breaking panes of glass were falling. A boy with a flat face and curly hair was carrying a big looking-glass, and having approached the hole in the wooden fence, dropped it in the adjoining court-yard shouting:

“Heigh, there, hold it!”

The looking-glass disappeared in the distance, glittering in the sun. Some man leant out of the window and watched it disappear. His broad face expressed grief and sorrow, but I did not notice any hatred in it.

A peasant with a black beard appeared at another window, holding a cushion. In a moment he tore the cushion open and feathers filled the court-yard.

“It snows! Just look! Your noses will be frozen!” he was shouting, looking at the white down, which was covering the heads of the crowd. The mob cried:

“Come here! Little Jews are found in the nest!”

“Break their heads against the wall!”

“Heigh there! Old Jew! Come down quickly; they are going to torture your little ones!”

“Hurry up! If not, then we shall kill all your offspring.”

A heart-breaking childish cry pierced the air—a terrible cry, which was all too soon drowned in the infuriated roar of the crowd, passing like lightning through a sky covered with clouds. Though for

one moment it seemed that the crowd was calming down, someone shouted :

“ Leave him alone ! ”

“ Do not touch the children ! ”

“ Torment the old men ! ”

Again the childish voice cut the air. Weak, but penetrating, it tore my heart, and sounded for a long time in my ears, moving me far more than the mighty roar.

“ Ah, devil ! ” cried someone madly above the deafening noise, which was raging everywhere.

“ Knock him on the head ! ”

“ He broke my legs. . . . ”

“ You clumsy old devil. ”

“ Will you ever drive away that old Jew ? ”

Pushing and forcing their way through the crowd, two stoutly-built men were approaching the fence surrounding the house, and trying to climb on to the roof.

At one of the windows again appeared the figure of a young boy with an ugly red face. Presently he tried to throw out a cupboard through the window, shouting :

“Take the dishes! Hide the valuables!”

The cupboard was too big to go through the window, therefore he pushed it inside, and disappearing himself for one moment he returned again with another piece of furniture. He was showing his teeth like a wolf, and shouting incessantly—

“Take it! Catch! Hold! Here!”

A heap of plates fell out of the window, and after them came something shining like a tea-urn (samovar). The mob moved back, covering their heads with their hands, laughing and shouting.

A red-haired young man of robust appearance seized this rolling and crooked tea-urn, trampled it under his feet, and bent it more than ever.

The almost unearthly weeping again resounded in the air.

All heads were lifted, all eyes directed to the place from whence it came. A sound of rattling iron was heard. And suddenly on the surface of the roof appeared a bent crouched figure. It hung for a moment moaning. . . . after that was heard a pitiful complaint, after that snoring. . . . and finally a short, heavy stroke, filling the heart with dread.

By main force I pushed through the mob, and leaving the court-yard I heard behind me the cries of triumph, and the joyful roars of the enraged mob.

“ Ah ! ah ! ”

“ Ah ! a——a ! ”

At last they had reached him.

In the street the crowd smashed chairs and tables to pieces, emptied chests of drawers, and laughing madly here and there flung different garments in all

directions. The feathers flew in the air. They threw cushions and mattresses through the window; the various articles of furniture fell at the feet of the crowd, creating a terrible picture of destruction, because all that came into the hands of this gang was broken, torn to pieces.

Two untidy looking women with red and perspiring faces were quarrelling about a big box; each trying to draw it towards herself. Feathers and down were flying above their heads. It could be seen by their faces and their open mouths that they were quarrelling, but their voices were lost in the general noise of the enraged crowd, and in the sounds of despair and grief coming from the windows of the house. An enormously tall peasant, bareheaded and dressed in a torn shirt, passed by me. His hair was wild and unkept, and down his perspiring cheeks flowed thick drops of blood,



almost black. He was gesticulating, and smiling stupidly. He reminded me of a satisfied old animal. He stopped at a lamp-post, throwing his arms around it, trying to tear it out of the ground with his muscular hands. The lamp-post quivered, and began to sway.

“Long life to strength!” cried another peasant. He also began to shake the wavering pole.

A young girl was trying to force her way through the mob; she was covered with feathers, and looked something like a pigeon. Her hair was dishevelled; her dress was torn to pieces. She lifted her head, and from her pale face shone eyes widened by extreme perplexity.

“Seize the Jewess!” cried someone; the girl instantaneously disappeared into the roaring mob; the moving wave of bodies rose above her, clenched fists beat the air. Threatening, grumbling,

gnashing of teeth, cynical jokes, curses, and hisses were heard, forming together a hellish noise.

“Move aside! Give place for Salman!”

A band of men were shouting this, dragging something behind them. This thing was a man, or rather a corpse, half naked, with dried up flesh, bruised and bleeding, covered with mud and feathers. The legs were tied with a cord. The men drew it along the street, and it marked the path behind them with a pool of black blood. The skinny arms of this miserable remnant of a man were bathed in blood, and between them, where the shoulder-blades meet, a terrible shapeless ball full of holes was bumping on the stones—it was the head of the dead man. A boy began to tread upon this body; his feet went through to the bowels of the murdered man,

and, sticking there, overpowered he fell with his face upon the terribly disfigured head.

Salman had been a rich speculator. I had met him before, very often. But what I saw now did not only remind me of Salman, but was not like a human shape in any way.

Driven mad with what I saw, and covered with dust, I was carried on by the crowd, like powder swept away by the wind. The picture before my eyes surpassed in its horror anything I had ever seen before, and seemed to be some dreadful nightmare. A woman in a white skirt was hanging on the projecting end of the spouting. An old woman stand-on tip-toe, and lifting her bony black arms, tried to drag her down. Around her were heaped dishevelled wigs entangled in velvet waistcoats. The children stepped on the old people's feet,

gathering up pieces of glass; sometimes jumped up, trying to catch the feathers which were flying in the air. A policeman arrived, his sabre clattering; the cries and moans increased.

“Catch him! Hold him!”

Someone carrying out the booty dropped it under the feet of a passer-by, causing him to fall at full length. A loud laugh rang out.

I saw on the ground a bleeding corpse, the face of which was completely covered by the hair.

“Holla, boys! here!”

This cry came from the interior of the court-yard, and immediately the crowd ran shouting in that direction. Curses filled the air. Somebody roared:

“Death! Death!”

A man on the second floor knocked down the wall between the windows with an iron pole. The lime and

rubbish poured down together, raising clouds of white dust. A tray thrown out of the window hit the head of a stout old woman, who screamed and crowed shrilly:

“Cossacks!”

“Let us run!”

“The Cossacks are coming!”

Now the horses' heads and Cossacks' white caps appeared in the distance; their whips whistled in the air, and a loud yet melodious voice commanded:

“Go forward, three abreast!”

The heap of broken things rolled about in the street. The front of the house was destroyed, and through the hole could be seen an immense wardrobe which swayed to and fro continually, and which, after having made the opening larger, fell with a terrible crash on the pavement. The noise grew louder and louder. It seemed like the thunder of breaking

waves, covered with angry foam, leaving behind in their passage the victims of cruelty on the sandy waste.

The crowd ran forward, dispersed by the whips of Cossacks and the coming of horses. They ran in confusion and disorder, like a flock of scattered sheep.

It was possible to conceal oneself in the court-yard by jumping through the fence, but no one thought of that; all ran in the same direction, in spite of the lashes of the Cossacks' whips, which fell on their heads and backs. A corpulent peasant, with curled hair, halted, and suddenly turning back, struck one horse with his fist. He soon disappeared between the compact rows of Cossacks. A woman, half naked and bleeding, threw herself under the horses' feet. After a moment she appeared again, as if springing up from the earth, grasping the feet

of a Cossack who thrust her aside ; again she disappeared uttering her last cry.

“ Run ! ”

“ Stop ! ”

The crowd, screaming and running, went on like a stony mountain avalanche. The sound of feet, the crash of horses' hoofs against the stones, was audible in the general din. The animals wounded themselves against projecting pieces of wood and iron, until, finally met by insurmountable obstacles, they reared up on their hind legs. The crowd halted too, addressing the Cossacks.

Auxiliary troops are arriving !

The crowd was waiting. Behind it, at the end of the street, Cossacks and policemen on foot were approaching. Now the mob began to climb the wall, and so invaded the court-yards. The Cossacks surrounded the flying crowd. A few moments ago these men had

been mercilessly tormenting and killing wretched men, human beings like themselves. In a few seconds the same murderers had become nothing more than frightened trembling cowards, who were trying to escape over any wall that was possible, in order to avoid the lashes of the Cossacks' knouts, which cut them cruelly, and without any sign of pity.

In the evening of the same day, passing through one of the public places of the suburb where the Cossacks' quarter was, I heard one saying to another:

“That crowd killed fourteen Jews!”

The other answered nothing, but calmly went on smoking his pipe.



## THE SONG ABOUT A HAWK.

---

THE sea dozes!

The wide sea, idly groaning here on the beach, appears in the distance to be already asleep, and lies immovable—like a mirror—in the blue light of the moon. A black surface of water, brilliant like crystal, meets yonder sapphire sky of the southern shore, and, fast asleep, reflects the transparent web of the light, motionless clouds, which do not hide the light of the stars. The sky seems to lower more and more over the sea, as if wishing to understand what the unquiet waves murmur while sleepily creeping towards the beach. The mountains, overgrown with trees which are fantastically twisted

by the north-east winds, with mighty summits, rise towards the sky into azure immensity above them. Their rough sharp contours become rounded, and embraced by the warm light mists of the southern night, are plunged in a deep musing. They cast upon the pale green surface of the waves long black shadows, as if they wished to keep still all movement, and to deafen the uninterrupted splash of the waters and sound of the foam, murmurs which still disturb the mysterious silence of the night that reigns over all, with the spreading blue-silver light of the moon hidden behind the summit of the mountains.

“A-alla-ah-a-akbar,” sighs, in a low voice, Nadyr-Bahim-Ogly, a tall, thin, sun-burnt, and wise old man from the Crimea, who is always low-spirited.

I am lying on the sand with him near a large stone, torn off from its native

rock, which was overgrown with moss, and now looks sad and gloomy.

On its side, turned to the sea, the waves throw out the slime and seaweed. This stone, so pasted over with them, seems to be hung on to the narrow sandy tract of land which divides the sea from the mountains. The flames of our hearth illumine it, and when the flames flicker upon the old stone, wrinkled with a net of deep cracks, the shadows play upon it.

One could say : This stone thinks and feels.

We both, with Bahim, are cooking the soup, composed of small fish, only just caught, and both are in that special humour when all seems to be fantastical, when the heart feels itself so clear, so light, that, except the wish to be thoughtful, there is no other desire in it.

The sea clings close to the shore, and the murmur is so melancholy, so gentle,

as if it asked for the permission to warm itself at our hearth.

Sometimes in a general harmony of the murmuring waves, one can catch some more highly-pitched tunes, or one frolicsome joy; then a bolder wave creeps near to us. Rahim compares such a wave with a woman who desires unexpectedly to embrace and kiss.

Rahim lies with his chest on the sand, his head turned to the sea, and looks musingly into the far distance, leaning on his elbows, and putting his head on his palms, his shaggy cap of lamb's wool slipped down on the back of his head, and the fresh wind from the sea blowing upon his high forehead, which is covered with small wrinkles.

He lies and philosophises, not caring if I listen to him, and not paying the slightest attention to me, as if he were talking with the sea: "A man who is

faithful to God, goes to paradise. But he who does not serve God and His prophet does not go there. Perhaps He is now looking at this foam. In these silver spots on the water He may be, perhaps. Who can know?"

The dark widely-spread sea shines; somewhere appear on it carelessly-thrown gleams of the moon. She shows herself from behind nappy-looking summits of mountains, and reflects her brightness on the sea, which softly sighs to her.

"Rahim, tell me a tale," I ask the old man.

"Why?" asks Rahim, without looking at me.

"Well—well, I like to listen to your tales."

"I have already told you all; I don't know any more."

That means that I must ask him again; then I repeat my request.

“If you wish it I will sing you an old song.” Finally Rahim yields.

Certainly I accept, and Rahim commences his monotonous and slow recitative, as if endeavouring to imitate the peculiar melody of a desert song, and yet at the same time dreadfully mangling the Russian speech, he begins to sing:—

I.

High in the mountains in the cleft of a rock a snake rolled itself up, and looked at the sea.

High in the sky shone the sun, and the mountains with glowing fire heaved into the sky, and below the waves struck against the shore.

In the cleft, through deep darkness tending to the sea, runs a swift stream dashing through the stones.

Covered with foam, strong and alert, it cuts through the mountain, and roaring ragingly falls into the sea.

Suddenly into the cleft, where the snake was resting, a hawk fell from the sky, with torn breast, and much wounded.

With a broken cry he fell upon the ground, and in a great fury dashed his breast against some hard stones.

The snake, being frightened, crept away, but soon understood that the bird could only live a few minutes.

Then he crept near him, and looking into his eyes hissed loudly :

“What is the matter with you, are you dying?”

“It matters not that I die,” answers the hawk, sighing heavily. “But I have been living beautifully. I have experienced great happiness! I have fought manfully! I have seen the sky. You will not see the sky so near as I did. I pity you very much!”

“What has the sky for me? It is only the vacuity. Upon what could I creep

there? I am also very comfortable here! Warm, wet."

In such a manner the free snake answered the bird, laughing inwardly at the hawk's nonsense.

Then he thought: "To fly, or creep—the end is the same: we all shall die, we all shall turn again to dust."

But the bold hawk shook himself suddenly, hovered around, and looked sad.

In the dark ravine upon the grey stones, water was running, and its freshness took away the odour of putrefaction.

The hawk, having gathered its strength again, cried out with pain, and yearning:

"Oh, if I could still once more rise aloft, towards the sky! To conquer the tyrant-enemy in the fight. He should press the wounds of my breast, until he should swallow some of my heart's blood! Oh, the happiness of the struggle! Fierce war, for the sake of liberty!"



Then after a while, the snake thought :  
“ Perhaps it is well to be in the sky, if  
this hawk yearns so much after it.”

Then he gave the hawk the following  
advice :

“ Come nearer to the edge of the  
rock, and then throw thyself down. Per-  
haps thy wings will lift thee, then at least  
one moment thou wilt live as thou likest  
in thy element.”

The hawk started up, uttered a weak  
groan, and slowly approached the gaping  
beach, over the slippery stones.

He drew near, spread his pompous  
wings, breathed freely, and his eyes glit-  
tered, and finally he fell down the  
precipice. With great force he struck  
himself against the rock and fell swiftly,  
breaking his wings and losing his feathers.

The waves below soon seized him,  
washed off his blood, covered him with  
foam, and carried him off to the sea.

The awful waves with mournful roar were striking against the rock. And the dead body of the hawk was lost without trace at the foot of the precipice.

## II.

Lying in the cleft of the rock, the snake was thinking for some time of the bird's death, and of his yearning skyward.

Then he looked into the far distance, which eternally deludes us by the illusion of happiness.

What did he see, this dead hawk, in that endless space? And why do such as he torment their souls with the desire of soaring upwards to the sky? What attracts them there? I could also know everything if I would only soar for a while to the sky, he said, and straightway tried to accomplish it. Having rolled himself up, he jumped upwards and, like a ribbon, glittered in the sun-

shine. But those who are created for creeping only cannot soar upwards! He forgot that fact, and fell upon the rocks, but did not kill himself. He only laughed!

Now, I already know the whole delight of soaring upward to the sky! It is the fall! These birds are ridiculous! Without knowing the earthly longing for something, they think about the sky, looking for life in a hot desert, but finding only emptiness. There is a great deal of light, but lack of food, and lack of any support for living creatures. Why then this pride? Why then this disdain?

Is it perhaps to hide behind it the misery of their devices and their unfitness for life's work? These birds are ridiculous! But now they will not deceive me with their beautiful speech. I myself know already everything. I have seen the sky. I have flown around it. I

have measured it all out, and afterwards I understood the delight of the fall, but without dashing my life out. Then, still more, I believe in my strength. Let those who cannot love the earth live in delusion. I have possessed myself of the truth, and why should I now range the sky? The earth is the world for me, for I live upon the earth!

Then the snake rolled himself up, proud of himself.

The sea was sparkling in the sunshine; the waves were striking menacingly against the shore.

Above their terrible roar rose the famous song of a proud bird which had died for the sake of liberty.

The rocks were moving under the pressure of the waves, and seemed to shiver under the poignant melody of the song:—

“To the fury of manly men we offer worship.

“In the fury of manly men is wisdom of life !

“The brave hawk, in the struggle with tyranny, then sheds thy blood ! But the time will come when the warm blood of thy heart shall be as a real flame amidst the darkness of life, and in many bold hearts will spring up the desire for liberty and light. Oh ! woe, then, to enemies of liberty ; woe to the tyrant !

“It does not matter that thou hast died ; for in thy manly song—strong with spirit—thou wilt be always a living example, a proud summons to the struggle for liberty. Under thy banner we will trample the tyrants down ; under thy flag will we go to the battle !

“To the fury of manly men, we raise the song ;

“To those who perish, we offer homage !”

\* \* \* \* \*

The opaline depths of the sea keep silence; the melancholy waves strike against the sandy beach: so I also keep silence, looking at Bahim, who has just finished his exquisite song. Still more silver spots are seen on the sea, by the light of the moon. The water in the kettle begins to boil. One of the waves in a frolic creeps along the shore, and, roaring menacingly approaches the head of Bahim.

“Where art thou going? Begone!” says Bahim, waving his hand, and the wave humbly flows back to the sea.

This uncommon action does not make me laugh, for all around seems to be so extraordinarily alive—soft, and mild.

The sea is so extremely calm, and one can feel that in its freshening breeze towards the mountains, which are not yet cool from the daily heat, is hidden a great store of powerful elemental force.

The golden beauty of the stars on the dark blue sky fascinates the soul with a certain solemnity, filling it with a sweet expectation of some revelation.

Everything sleeps, but unusually watchfully. It seems at every moment as if all would awake and resound with the splendid harmony of unspeakably sweet sounds. The sounds will show the true mysteries of existence, which will enlighten the soul. Time having faded like some ignis-fatuus, will not the soul be carried off into the dark blue space, where, while meeting the rays of twinkling stars it will also distinguish the splendid music of revelation ?





## THE DESTROYED DAM.

---

THE sun warms ; a mild wind blows ; the sea lightly moves. Our boat with sails hoisted up cuts slowly through the waves. Around an endless space. In the distance is an old dam, in ruins ; soon we approach it. The strong waves strike against the strong barricades, and merrily, freely, for some fathoms, roll through the breach.

“The sea does not like obstacles,” said my companion, an old sunburnt mariner.

“How long has this dam been broken ?” I asked, being astonished at the immense force of the waves, which, apparently had carried down these gigantic rocks.

“I think it happened some time ago,” answered the mariner musingly, and then

suddenly asked me whether I knew the favourite legend of mariners, about the struggle of the sea with the dam; adding, "If you wish, I will relate it."

\* \* \* \*

In the gloomy, cloudy North, where frozen winds, with their icy breath, threaten all life; where stout pine and fir trees, wrapped in a wintry shroud, rarely benefit from a smile of the sun, or experience his vernal caress —

Once upon a time, in the far distant seas, rose like a granite rampart, a barricade, evidently erected by human hands. Proudly lifting its massive form over the level of the stormy sea as if scoffing at the angry waves, stood this grim, gigantic, black dam!

There the powerful free billows encountered a dam of granite, which threatened their open course.

This duel lasted for centuries, until the

waves fought their way through, with a superior force, until their firm will had broken the dam.

When during a lovely May morning, over shoreless azure depths, glitter the sun's bright rays, meeting the emerald reflection cast by the silver colours of the sea, these waves playing frolicsomenely, commence murmuring a song to the mariners, about the prolonged sea fight with the dam.

Like the free birds of the air, were these free waves !

Another storm rocked them with a song, and merrily, without a sigh, ran out these waves into the boundless ocean !

But, alas ! a gloomy, wicked, man-tyrant, envying their happiness, decided to deprive them of liberty. They should not leap so proudly over the powerful abyss ; neither should they smile so charmingly up to the blue heaven above

them, nor should they bask in the bright rays of the sun! Accordingly he sent his humble servants, *i.e.* slaves.

Obedient to the will of their master, they set to work at once, and began to bring out cold rocks from the bosom of the earth, and so cast them into the watery depths.

The sea became petulant.

How the waves rejoice as they see how the rocks are falling away, sinking like lead to the bottom! They jump, splash, and caress the sombre rocks!

Then they murmur, "What a delight! From the cold depths of earth come forth gloomy guests: let us welcome them then with joyful singing, warm words, and with tender caresses; we will play with them in the sea, we will glorify the goodness of the sun and of liberty!" Joyful are young waves. Only storm and father hurricane, with inimical whistling, wel-

come these guests and look at the rocks gloomily. The rocks from time to time fall into the sea, one after the other, and the rampart grows higher, keeping back the waves, and thus curtailing their liberty. At length they become puzzled and look timidly upon the malicious barricade: then determine to outdo it, and running forward at full galop they strike their chests against the rocks. The cool unapproachable rampart stands! The sea quivers.

In great perplexity the waves continue tossing themselves against the rocks. A groan resounds in the sea. The gloomy waves run: "Treachery; Treachery!" they cry. "We admitted them as friends, and they have stolen away our liberty!" Mother storm begins to sob, and father hurricane with a roar runs towards the gloomy dam. "O rocks! O severe rocks! once you were free, you

breathed with a feeling of liberty ! Why have you stolen freedom from your little children ? ” Then the severe rocks become mournful. “ We are not guilty, because we are forced to steal,” they reply, and maliciously overspread the sea. With moan, and sob, runs mother storm across the sea, and father hurricane hastens away, they call out all the waves, a fatal report spreads everywhere : “ O waves, poor waves ! your liberty is lost ! Henceforth you are slaves ! ”

They hurry away sobbing.

The ocean dies.

The powerful old waves hide themselves in labyrinths of the sea. Already they object to conventions, neither does the storm awake father hurricane !

Now the young waves roll sadly, neither laughter, nor song is heard about former liberty ; and the sun scarce shines through the clouds. All is so gray, so sad around !

Hurrah! the young waves are not abased by the heavy yoke of slavery! Having collected their scattered forces, they boldly attack the enemy. They close and strike against the sharp rocks, all in vain! The deaf rocks do not quake the least bit, only an echo is heard, carrying onward over the sea the moaning of those breasts, broken against the rocks. The sea sobs. Years pass on. Many years pass on. Many, many young waves have torn their breasts against the rocks. It grows darker, twilight is falling over the sea. The waves become calm, and succumb.

“Let us wait until we are stronger”

Years pass by, youthful waves become manly; they send messengers everywhere to awake the sleepers; they summon all waves for bloody fight. Gray-headed waves shake their heads, and refuse.

We lack strength and ardour for the

fight! Is it possible so to fight, to cope with the rocks? Then the wave heralds hasten away; they look round for their mother storm, and father hurricane; they summon all. They find them not on the sea, but in mountain-gorges.

“We welcome you, our darlings, as champions! We welcome you to-day. Leave your tight ravines, and run to the shoreless sea. Break your infamous bonds, which have shackled your souls. Breathe into the inactive waves, a desire for life, and a longing for liberty. Menacing bodies assemble; let us all advance against the enemy! Neither death, nor war, doth us affright; for we desire liberty for our sea!”

The heart of mother storm palpitates, even more than the boiling blood of father hurricane. The words of these messengers remind them at once of their young and happy years, and they cast a



benevolent look at the youths. Hark! From each mountain gorge, across the blue unbounded sea, sounds a joyful, sonorous challenge.

“We go, we go, we go to fight for liberty, liberty, liberty! Awake ye powerful waves, break the chains of slavery. Down with all hindrances!”

It was a strong shout calling to battle; like a hurricane, and like a thunder-blast, it swept across the wide sea. It awoke from sleep alike the aged and the youth, it carried universal comfort.

Then all the waves started up suddenly, and rolled along the sea, following the master waves. The deep darkness of night broke over the waters, dark clouds covered the horizon, when resounded the first shout to the fight. From east to west, from north to south, rolled the waves, forming close rows of young waves, born with courage, these first set about

the assault. The storm, at full gallop hastens towards them; the hurricane hurries up to their succour! The storm roars! The hurricane thunders! The rows of waves moved forward by more powerful ones! "Death or liberty!" With battle cry, they roll on towards the dark dam.

The glowing waves quiver. More and more quickly roll on the rows of waves. They came up running, they attack the rocks with their breasts—and fall dead. The spray of warm blood, like foam, runs high up the rocks, which are continually bathed in the blood of unconquerable knights. Mother storm sobs: "My children, my own children, you fall the first, still many of you will fall, but to-day we will break the power of the enemy!"

The sea rages. To the place of dead waves new ones hasten away. What woe in them! What power in them! With

noise and roar they strike against the rocks, then retire ; but again attack, even in death they add to their brother's courage.

But the dam stands firm !

Continually the waves are rolling, one overtaking another, and neither end nor limit is seen.

The sea retires from its shores ; all waves come back to their rows. A prolonged moan resounds over the vast expanse. Morning comes, a gray gloomy morning, the immovable rocks are still standing. Mother storm sobs over the waves, her children continually perish ! perish !

They gore their breasts against the rocks !

Frightened people come together, with pity the fishermen look on the sea ; the young waves perish in such an uneven fight. Their hearts swell with pain, and

these men cry out in prayer to God to stop this fighting and to give the waves the victory.

Even the dreadful tyrant himself who built this dam is frightened. His stony heart quivers at sight of such bloody frays! Oh, how he wishes now to remove these rocks from the sea, and give the waves liberty!

But it is too late, tyrant! To-day, already the waves sob not! already they ask us pity! For many waves have perished here, too sweet is the vengeance for their brothers! They don't want reconciliation! Like powerful lionesses the old waves hasten forward, in due time, for help. Their gray manes the winds blow asunder. The continent shakes beneath, the sun dies above. The hurricane runs in front, heaving out the rocks with force. At once with a battle shout, and armed with the courage of

despair, valiantly move the new bodies of waves. They will fall, or they will destroy this dam, or the sea will be their tomb! They move gradually forward, they attack lustily, the rocks quiver under their stroke.

The waves are dying, they jump away, yet with untold fury they strike again.

All is transformed into chaos.

Groan and thunder resound along the sea. One might say: the sea has heard from its bottom, and joined the sky.

The rocks fall down! under the last stroke they waver, and with a great crash they fall down a precipice, where dead waves are lying.

"Begone! shameful corpses," roars the sea, to the overthrown rocks, "this is the tomb of warriors for liberty, here young waves are reposing!"

The bottom of the sea is uncovered, exposing a dark precipice. The stern rocks with malediction fall.

“Is that our fault? For the glory of the waves, for our eternal disgrace, and infamy!”

Now the shoreless ocean celebrates her triumph. She has conquered the powerful enemy, and broken asunder the shackles of slavery! Now the waves roll freely, praising their slaughtered brothers, who by their sacrificial death have given back liberty to the sea.

Glory to the fallen!

Liberty to the living!

\* \* \* \*

I was sitting charmed with this ravishing legend. With adoration I looked at the free waves, inspired with an indomitable strength and courage. Above me, the blue sky; in front of me the infinite sea lying in the soft light of the bright May sun. In the distance was heard the hum of town life, the ironical laughter of mean joy. The black smoke could be

seen issuing from vessels ; also the jingle of shackles smote upon my ear, and moans, such awful moans !

It seemed to me that there, behind the azure of the sky, was a lurking thunder storm !

O ye people ! O ye poor, miserable people !





LEONIDAS ANDREYEFF.



## LEONIDAS ANDREYEFF.

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LEONIDAS ANDREYEFF was born in 1871 in the town of Orol, where he attended the public school. At school, on the whole, he did not learn easily; he was in the lowest class during the whole year, being the worst pupil. His behaviour was also very bad. Andreyeff narrates that the most pleasant hours he spent at school were those between the lessons, or when the professor ordered him to leave the class as a punishment. In the long empty corridors an awful silence reigned, and at the side were closed doors, and behind the doors were the halls full of pupils. Occasionally a ray of sunshine, a stray ray, pierced through some cleft

and played along the dusty corridor; all was mysterious and strange. His father, who was a large land surveyor, died when Leonidas was still at the public school. From this time he suffered poverty both at school and at the University.

During his first University Term at St. Petersburg he often starved, but not so much out of real poverty as from lack of experience. Sometimes he went without food for two days. At that period he wrote his first narration about a hungry student. He was affected to tears while writing it, and when the editor returned him his MS. his colleagues laughed at the author.

He finished his education at the University of Moscow, where he became more successful. His companions commenced helping him; also "the Committee of Help" rendered him some

assistance. But Andreyeff says that he recollects with more pleasure his career at St. Petersburg, because there he found more congenial company.

In January, 1894, he tried to take away his life, and consequently the Church obliged him to do penance. About this time heart disease began to develop in him. It proved to be less dangerous than painful. During that time he tried to write, and with still more pleasure did he engage in painting, of which art he had been fond from his childhood. He would contrive to paint portraits at three or five roubles a piece; afterwards, displaying more dexterity, he received ten or twelve roubles each (about twenty to twenty-five shillings).

In 1897 he won his diploma, and his name was inserted in the list of barristers' assistants. From the very beginning he was pushed out of his right place and

ordered to write the court reports to the newspaper *Kurjer*. He had no clients for lack of time. Scarcely had he led one civil lawsuit, without losing in all respects.

In 1898 he had written one novel, but acting on the advice of the secretary of the newspaper *Kurjer*, from that time he worked at many kinds of literature, relating just what occurred in court reports, writing feuilletons, novels, and so on. Maxim Gorky helped his fellow author very greatly with his advice.

## AN ABYSS.

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### I.

THE day was already drawing towards evening when a young man and a maiden still continued their walk, conversing without pause and without paying any attention either to time or road. In front of them, on a sloping hill, rose a small forest, and through the branches of its trees one descried a light sun-bright circle, inflamed like red coals burning, heating a trembling air and making it resemble fine gold, fiery dust.

The sun appeared to be so near and so bright that everything else apparently disappeared, and alone it remained bathing the road in a stream of colour. On a sudden a dazzling light began to

approach them, they turned round, and at once all lay before them in perfect light and calm. At some distance, about a mile perhaps, the purple sunset fell upon the trunk of a high pine-tree; and it stood out, burning amidst the verdure, like a torch in a dark room. On the road every stone was now throwing a long black shadow, being covered with a purple veil and a golden, blood-tinged aureola. The girl's hair shone, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. One of her thin curls was lifted up and swung by the wind like a golden spider's web.

Although now it had become dark all around, the course of their conversation was neither broken nor changed for one moment. The same free, cordial, and calm words flowed on with equal currents. Our hero and heroine were always discussing the same topics, *i.e.*, power, beauty, and immortal love. Both were still very



young: the girl was not more than seventeen, the young man being four years her senior. Both wore school costumes, she was clad in a modest brown dress with black apron, and he in the beautiful uniform of the students of technology. Not only their speech, but everything about them was so young, beautiful and pure. Both were well shaped: of symmetrical stature, graceful, and awoke the idea of a zephyr; their carriage was lofty and classic; while their fresh voices sounded happy, though one caught a melancholy cadence in them, as if a stream were murmuring on a quiet spring night when as yet all the snow had not disappeared from dark fields.

They were going forward, when by chance they turned into a side-way which they did not know, and the two long continuing shades, which seemed ridiculous for their young heads, appeared

to move forward apart, or to join, and thus form one narrow long shade of poplars. But they did not see their shadows; while speaking to her he could not tear away his eyes from her beautiful face, upon which the rosy sunset, it seemed, had left in going down a most delicate colour. She looked down the avenue, pushed away with her sunshade some small stones, then watched attentively till from under her dark dress peeped by turns one or other pointed toe of her small shoes. They stopped a moment, for the road led over a ditch with its bed full of dust, and went down the pathway. Tenaïda lifted her head and, looking round with a doubtful glance, asked:

“Do you know where we are? I have never been here before.”

The young man carelessly looked at the locality.

“Yes, I know. There behind the hill lies the town. Give me your hand, then we shall arrive sooner!” He held towards her his hand, delicate, and white as a woman’s. Then Tenaída was overwhelmed with joy. She wished to jump across the ditch calling: “Run after me!” But, however, she restrained herself with dignity, and slightly bending her head, a little timidly drew back her still almost childish hand. A wish then seized him to squeeze this shaking hand with all his might, but he also conquered himself, and took it with a bow full of respect, modestly turning round while the young girl was uncovering her small foot.

Then they went on again, talking incessantly, but the touch of their hands, joined together in a shake was a pleasure which did not leave them. She continued to feel the dry plane of his palm and the grasp of his strong fingers, which, in

spite of some confusion, gave her pleasure. He, however, felt the tender softness of the little hand, so entirely conceded to him, and there continued before his eyes the black silhouettes of her little foot, and the small slipper which tenderly and fondly enclosed it. There was something exciting and awaking disquietude as he observed her dress and dainty little foot, but with an exertion of will he finally restrained himself. Then he felt within his heart such a joy, such a happiness! His breast felt so free that he longed to sing with all his heart, to hold up his hands to the sky and to cry: "Run, I will run after you!"

From all these usual lover-like desires tears came into their eyes. The shades disappeared, and the dust on the road became gray and cool, but they did not notice that, for they were chirping like birds. Both had already read many

beautiful books, and gazed at illuminated sketches of enamoured people, who had suffered and perished for the sake of sacred love; these memories now arose before their eyes, and up sprang many fragments of poetry which they had once read, in which love was attired in a gown of tuneful harmony and sweet longing.

"Do you not remember what poem it is from?" asked Niemowiceki, after having recited part of a poem.

"There, again, she is near me, she whom I love so, from whom I have hidden, without saying one word; the whole of my tenderness, all my longing, and all my love."

"No, I do not know," answered Tenaïda, and repeated musingly: "All longing, and all tenderness, and my love."

"Yes, my love"—involuntarily like an echo, said Niemowiecki.

And again reminiscences overflowed, and they recollected some girls, white like lilies, immaculate, putting on a black monastic gown, and then wandering in solitude about the park, which was bespread with autumnal leaves; they appeared happy in their misfortune. Also they recollected proud and energetic men, who, notwithstanding their capacity for endurance, were suffering because they were thirsting for love, and for a share in some sacred woman's sympathy.

Now, although these distorted spectres were sad, yet, in spite of their grief, brighter and purer appeared love. Great as the world, light like the sun, and as exquisitely beautiful, it fixed itself before their eyes, for nothing can be more fascinating or powerful than love!

"Could you die for one whom you love?" asked Tenaída, looking at her childlike hand.

"Yes, I could," decidedly answered Niemoviceki, looking at her openly and fondly. "And you?"

"So could I." She mused for a while. "Well, there is such happiness in dying for a beloved man, that I wish for it very much indeed."

Their eyes met; those light, quiet, eyes, sent something good to each other. and their mouths smiled. At last Tenadia stopped. "Wait one moment," she said; "there's a thread on your coat." And energetically she lifted her hand to his arm, and cautiously, with two of her fingers drew off the thread.

"Here it is!" she said, and then becoming serious asked: "Why are you so pale, and thin? Perhaps you are overworking yourself; you ought not to torment yourself. It is not necessary."

"What blue eyes you have, and in them are sitting brilliant small points,

like diamonds," he answered, observing her eyes.

"And yours are black. Oh no, brown, and so warm, and in them——"

Tenaida did not finish saying what was in them, but in confusion turned aside. Her face became purple, her eyes timid and bashful, while her lips smiled involuntarily. Then she went forward alone, but soon she stopped.

"Look, the sun has set!" she exclaimed, unpleasantly astonished.

"Yes, over there," he said with unexpected sharp regret. The light had gone, the shades had died away, and all around had become pale, dumb, and lifeless.

There, in the spot where one moment before all was shining, the burning sun creeping away, there now were masses of dark clouds, which seemed often to cover large spaces of immeasurable blue distance. The clouds were continually



rolling heavily, and slowly changing their shapes into monsters, and unwillingly moving forward, yielding to some terrible and invisible power.

Only one light, transparent, small cloud, feeble and frightened, having torn itself from the rest, was solitarily wandering in every direction.

## II.

Tenaida became pale, her lips red, almost purple, the pupils of her eyes dilated perceptibly, darkening her eyes, and she began to whisper very softly:

“I am afraid of something. Here it is so quiet; have we not lost our way?”

Niemoviecke knitted his thick eyebrows, and attentively cast a glance at the locality.

Now the sun had set, and under the fresh breath of the coming night, the

road seemed to him bare, and the atmosphere cold, and on every side were spread grey endless fields, with low standing grass, and as if trampled down. There were spaces full of deep ravines, hollow ways, and sand-pits. Here and there were ditches, some sloppy, others dry, some smaller ones, overgrown with grass, which was already turning yellow, within which was brooding the motionless silent night.

Niemoviecke stifled within him some awakening, heavy feeling of pain, and at the same time of fright, which had fallen upon him.

“No; up till now, we have not lost our way, I know the road. First we will take the field, afterwards will pass through the forest.

“Are you afraid?”

She smiled courageously, and answered:

“No, I am no longer afraid. However,

we must make haste. It is tea time, and they are expecting me at home."

They started up lively and energetic from this spot, but soon slackened their pace, and did not look around any longer; notwithstanding this they felt gloomy, anticipating the bare fields beyond.

All at once two women appeared; they were resting on the edge of a deep, miry ditch. One of them was sitting, with her feet crossed, and attentively looking down. She wore a kerchief round her head, which fell off, showing a quantity of plaited hair. She was hump-backed, and wore a dirty coloured bodice, and did not even look at any passer-by. The second woman was half lying down, near her companion, and leaning her head on her palm. Her face was of the large common kind, with the features of a man. Under her eyes and on the prominent bones of her cheeks were burning

two deep coloured spots, as if they were the result of recent scratchings. The latter was more repellant than the former, and she looked at our lovers boldly, and straight in their faces. When they passed by her, she began to sing with a hoarse, masculine voice :

“ Oh, for you only, my lover,

“ I have been fragrant as a supernatural flower.”

“ Baska, do you hear ? ”—she turned towards her companion, who was lost in musing, and without receiving any answer she laughed loudly and stupidly.

Niemoviceki had known such kind of women. However, Tenaída, who nearly touched them with her neat brown dress, experienced a something hateful and painful, and at the same time wicked, and this experience lived for a while in the dark recesses of her soul.

But after some minutes this impression

wore off, like the shadow of a cloud running swiftly over green meadows. A couple now passed by them, a man wearing a hat and coat, but barefooted, and an ill-clad woman with him. Without accounting for it Tenaida looked back after the receding woman, and was a little astonished why she wore such a thin wet dress, for the lower part of it was covered with mud. There seemed to be something frightful, morbid, and terribly hopeless in the waving of the scant and dirty lower part of the dress of this lost woman.

They went on, speaking loudly, and after them a black cloud moved unwillingly, throwing behind it a transparent shadow. By the side of a widely spread cloud, richly illuminated with copper coloured spots, and in which some glaring, winding stripes were hiding behind its dark mass, twilight fell imper-

ceptibly and stealthily, making it difficult to realise that night was advancing. They began to speak now of those dreadful feelings and thoughts, which sometimes visit one during the night, when one cannot sleep, and when nothing disturbs the silence, neither rustling nor speech, and when this wild, dreadful nightmare called life presses down upon one.

"Can you imagine what infinity is like?" asked Tenaída, touching her forehead with her hand and rapidly twinkling her eyes."

"No; infinity? No," answered Niemo-viecki, at the same time closing his eyes.

"But I see it sometimes. I saw it for the first time when I was still very young.

"It was like carts, one cart was standing alone, then a second, and a third—and so on, continually, carts, carts. Such a scene! She shivered."

"Why carts?" Niemowiecki smiled, yet the idea was also an unpleasant one to him.

"I don't know. Carts, one two, and on—without end."

The darkness fell gradually around, and already clouds were passing over their heads, which seemed to gaze into their bent and pale faces.

As the hours passed on, dark figures of dirty, miserable, and ragged women loomed in the distance, as if they had been cast upon the earth's surface, nobody knew why. They appeared either singly, or two or three together, and their voices sounded quaint and mysterious in the dead silence.

"Who are these women? Why are there so many?" asked Tenaída in a low voice. Niemowiecki was afraid, for he did know very well who they were. The fact that they found themselves in such

an abominable and dangerous locality caused him great mental alarm, but he answered calmly :

“I don’t quite know. But we will not speak about them. See, we shall soon get across the forest, and then comes the turnpike, and then the town. It is such a pity we started out so late.”

She felt inclined to laugh when he said, “so late,” because they had set out at four o’clock; then she looked at him and smiled, upon which he knitted his brow—then she essayed to comfort, and to calm him.

“Let us walk quicker; I long for some tea; besides the forest is quite near.”

“Let us go.”

They entered the forest, the tall trees entwining their top branches rendered the avenues very dark. Earlier in the day the spot though solitary would have been very pleasant.



“Give me your hand” said Niemo-viecki.”

With some hesitation she did so ; and her light touch served to qualify the darkness.

Their steady hands joined, and Tenaïda even moved a little distance from her companion.

Again they were moved by a wish to speak about rare beauty, and mysterious love, and to speak of them in such a manner as not to disturb the prevailing silence, to speak indeed, but not with words, only by looks. At once they understood how necessary it was to cast glances at each other ; but although they wished to do so, they did not dare.

“Oh, look ; there are some more people coming !” she exclaimed cheerfully.

### III.

In a meadow, where it was lighter,

three men were seated in silence by an empty bottle, and they looked attentively at this approaching couple.

One of them, who was clean shaven, like an actor, whistled, burst out laughing, and chuckled.

The heart of the youth sank within him, fright seized him, but, as if being pushed from behind, he went straight up to the men close by a path wound. Those wretches were waiting their opportunity, their eyes grew dark, motionless, and terrible! Wishing to engage the sympathy of these gloomy, ragged fellows, on whose faces he could read a cruel menace, and in order to show how defenceless they were, perhaps to awake pity, Nienioviecki inquired in an anxious voice:

“Where shall we find the turnpike? Is this the right way to it?” he asked.

The fellows did not answer. The one

who was clean-shaved whistled low and derisively; the others remained silent, looking at the young couple with heavy and ill-boding searching glances.

All three were drunk, wickedly inclined, and desirous of passionate pleasures and excitement. One, red-faced and fat, lifted himself on his elbows, and after balancing himself upon the ground like a bear on his paws, got up, sighing heavily. His companions stared at him, and again turned their gaze upon Zenaida.

"Ah! fear seizes me," she cried.

"Fear seizes me," she repeated.

Without hearing these words, Niemo-viecki understood her meaning by the heavy pressure of her hand. And, trying to preserve an expression of calmness, while feeling the inevitability of the fatal moment, he moved on with a sure, firm pace. Then these scoundrels with their murderous, glittering eyes, remained behind.

"We must run away." This thought passed through his mind, but at once he said to himself, "No, it is not wise to flee."

"This young fellow is only carrion, his condition awakes my pity," said one of the three, a bald man with a red beard. "The girl, however, is a fine specimen! Would everyone could have such a woman . . ."

And somewhat hoarsely they all began to laugh.

"Sir, wait a little, I wish to say something to you!" roared one of the three with a bass voice, when, at a glance from him, his companions rolled to their feet.

Niemowiecki, without looking behind, went farther on.

"You ought to stop if they ask you," said the red-bearded man, "because you might get a good drubbing."

"They are calling you!" shouted the

big fellow, and in two strides he overtook the young couple. His massive hand fell on Niemowiecki's neck and seized him.

As Niemowiecki turned to look back he saw close to his face large round, wicked eyes.

They were so near him, as if he looked at them through a magnifying glass and could distinctly distinguish thin, red veins on the white of the eyes and bleardness on the eyelashes.

Having unconsciously dropped the hands of the girl, Niemowiecki slipped his hand into his pocket and murmured in a low voice, "You want my money! . . . Take it! . . . with pleasure. . . ."

The prominent eyes became more and more piercing. When Niemowiecki eluded their gaze the big fellow lagged behind, and from beneath struck him a blow on the chin with his fists. The student became dizzy, his teeth chattered, his cap

slipped over his forehead and he fell back unconscious. Tenaida looked behind and then took flight with all the speed she could use.

Then the clean-shaved man cried with a drawling voice, "A——a——a!"

And with this he ran after her.

Niemoviecki staggered to his feet, but even before he could straighten himself he was struck down again.

The struggle was unequal: they were two and he only one, and, as well as being weak, he was not used to fighting; yet he struggled, fidgeted and scratched like an angry woman, wept and bit their hands. At length he became completely exhausted and his foes carried him away. He at first resisted them and in fear began to roar, but afterwards ceased to comprehend what was happening and hung senseless upon the hands which were lifting him.

The last objects he saw were a piece of a red beard, which almost came in his mouth, and then the darkness of the the forest . . . and finally the skirts of a running girl. She ran silently and as swiftly as if acting in the play of "The Cat and Mouse," and in order to overtake her the clean-shaved man continued to run. Niemowiecki now experienced nothing but a blank; he fell heavily on the ground, losing his presence of mind.

The big red-bearded fellow having thrown Niemowiecki into the ditch waited with his companion for a while listening to what was going on down below.

As their faces were turned towards this spot they lost sight of Tenaída. All at once rose a loud, deafening shout of a woman, then as suddenly it was hushed and the big fellow cried out furiously—

"You wretch! You touch her only and you are a dead man!!"

Thanks to the tall, rough, but more kindly inclined companion, the poor girl had escaped from any misfortune!

#### IV.

During this time the sand was coming into the mouth of Niemowiecki, and crackled between his teeth. But what he first perceived after recovering his senses was a strong and refreshing smell of earth. His head was heavy, as if filled with lead, he could not move it, and the whole of his body was sore, but especially his back. No bones were broken. Niemowiecki sat down, and for a long while looked upwards without either thinking or recollecting anything. High above him swung a berth with wide, black leaves, through which pierced the fading sun. Clouds were gliding through the sky, no rain fell, and therefore the air was dry



and light, and above, in the middle of the sky, rose the moon with transparent rims. She was living just through her last nights and therefore was looking cold, sad, and solitary.

Small, narrow clouds swiftly floating were borne along by a strong wind, but they did not cover the light of the moon ; they passed by it carefully. From this solitary moon escaped cautious glints of light which fell upon the small lofty clouds, and a gentle breeze sprang up which could scarcely be felt.

All these natural agencies inspired a mysterious sensation of night reigning over the earth.

When Niemoviceki came to himself and recollected all that had happened he could not believe it, for the whole event seemed too terrible and monstrous to be true ; but then, as it was midnight, and he was looking up at the moon and

the passing clouds, it was all so unusual, so unreal, that he began to think it was only an uncommon, terrible dream, very awful and abominable. Then, again, those women whom they met on the road, they were also a dream.

“That is impossible,” he maintained, and languidly moved his heavy head, “That is impossible. . . ”

Putting out his hand he began to feel for his cap, but it was not there. And when this fact awoke in his mind everything became distinct to him, and then he understood what had happened—that it was not a dream at all, but a cruel, stern fact.

Subsequently, almost dying of consternation, he began without delay to climb upwards, but sank back on the slippery ground. Again he tried to climb, seizing the flexible branches of the bushes.

Having crept forth he ran straight

forward without thinking, and without choosing any particular direction, sheltering for some time among the trees. Suddenly, without any consideration, he ran to the opposite side, and again the branches swung across his face, until all seemed like a nightmare. For a moment he had a delusion that once something had happened to him of this kind . . . darkness and invisible branches sweeping his face; then he ran on, having closed his eyes awhile, and thinking. It is a dream! At last he stopped, and sat down in the sad and uncomfortable position of a man who does not care to move at all. Once more he thought of his cap and said:

“Am I myself? Then I ought to kill myself. I must kill myself, even if it is a dream.”

Suddenly he ran on again, but again recovered his senses, and then slackened

his pace, trying to imagine the place where they had been assaulted. In the forest it was quite dark, but now and again as light rays of the moon pierced through and illuminated the white trunks of the trees, then the forest seemed to be full of motionless, silent people, nobody knew why. That also had happened to him once before in his life time, and was also like a dream.

“Zenaida Mikolaiefus!” he called her, pronouncing loudly her first name and softly the second, as if with this sound he was losing all hope that anyone would reply. And nobody answered.

After he had found out the path he went across the meadow. Now he entirely understood that all this had taken place, and he experienced great perplexity. At every turn he called out, but in vain!

“Zenaida Mikolaiefus! It is I! It is I!”

But the answer didn't come. Then, turning himself to that side where the town stood, Niemowiecki gave a prolonged shout:

"H-e-l-p!"

Then he dashed forward again murmuring something to himself and searching in the bushes, when all at once, in front of his feet, something appeared to be lying on the ground: here indeed lay Tenaida.

"For God's sake! What is that?" With dry eyes, but with a weeping man's woeful voice, Niemowiecki moaned, and kneeling down, touched the girl. His hand felt her naked body; it was smooth and cold, but not lifeless, and with a shudder he let it go.

"My darling, my pretty little bird, it is I," he began to whisper, groping in the darkness for her face. Then again he put out his hand in another direction and touched her naked body, and every time

he did so a naked, smooth, stiff woman's body answered to that touch and appeared to get warm under his grasp. He sometimes withdrew his hands sobbing, and then again placed them on the girl, and as now he was without a cap and ragged, so it seemed to him as unnatural that this naked body should be there beside him; he could not connect the idea of it with Tenaída.

And this was what had happened here! —What these men had done with this silent woman's body. It now appeared to him in its whole disgusting ignominy, and with a strange sensation passing through all his limbs, he stretched himself so violently that his joints cracked, and he then fixed his absent look on her, and while his face became mournful, like that of a deeply reflecting man, his perplexity calmed down, although it still lay at the bottom of his soul.

“ O God ! what is that ? ’ he exclaimed, but the sound of his voice was insincere !

He felt her heart. It was beating feebly, but evenly ! When he bent over her face he could feel her weak breathing, and accordingly supposed that Tenaïda was not in a deep swoon, but simply overwhelmed with sleep.

Then he softly addressed her :—

“ Tenaïda. It is I.”

Then the thought crossed his mind that it would be good if she did not awake for a long time. Having breathed softly, he cast a quick timid look around, and carefully smoothed her cheeks with his hand, then proceeded to kiss her closed mouth, which commenced to open gently under his strong kiss. He was afraid lest she should wake, then he retired silently, leaving her body dumb and motionless and in its defenceless condition. The sight of it was piteous, and

at the same time irritating and alluring. With the deepest tenderness and cautious prudence Niemowiecki endeavoured to put in order the torn pieces of her dress, and the conflicting impression, produced first by the cloth of her dress and then that excited by the exposure of her uncovered body, was for his mind sharp like a knife, incomprehensible as frenzy. Could he be both defender and assailant at the same time? He looked for help from the surrounding forest, but all was darkness. Neither forest nor atmosphere could offer him any help.

Not long since had been held on this spot the orgie of beasts! and he now being thus unexpectedly admitted into the innermost secrets of human life, there appeared to generate within him a contagious lewdness which reacted on the sensual part of his nature.

“ Oh, that I should be here ! that I



should be a witness of this!" he repeated thoughtlessly, without entering into the scene of disorder around him. He was full of recollections of that time when he had once seen her short skirt and the black silhouette of her foot delicately enclosed in a little slipper! . . . And listening again to her breath, and never taking his gaze from her face, he stroked her body once more with his hand. Then he listened and drew his hand farther along her body.

"What is it?" he cried loudly, choked with despair and jumped aside with fear. In a moment Tenaïda's face appeared indistinctly before his eyes and then disappeared again.

Here was the girl with whom he had so recently walked, and he remembered how he had spoken about infinity, and he could not understand everything; he endeavoured to realize the meaning of all

that had since transpired. But experience of that dreadful time was too sad, too monstrous, one could not receive it as truth.

“Tenaïda Mikolaiefno!” he cried imploringly. “Why is all that? Tenaïda!”

But her oppressed body remained silent while he thus vaguely spoke. Niemowiecki then fell on his knees before her imploring and threatening in reality to kill himself. He shook her, lifting, turning, pressing her to his heart, and even pressing her hard, but her overheated body made no resistance, but obediently yielded itself.

All this was so terrible, wild and incomprehensible, that Niemowiecki again started up suddenly and cried with a broken voice:

“Help! Help!” but that sounded as if false and acting a part.

Again he threw himself on that motionless body, kissing it, and crying over it,

yet all the while feeling as if on the edge of some dreadfully dark alluring precipice! Now it was no longer himself Niemowiecki who had remained yonder somewhere behind, but this Niemowiecki here, who was holding, in a passionate, sensual embrace, that inactive body, and who was saying with the cunning smile of a madman :

“ Will you answer ? But perhaps you don’t want to ? I love you, I love ! ”

With the same cunning smile he approached her, and with a searching gaze at her face ; then he spoke in a whisper :

“ I love you. You don’t wish to speak, but you are smiling. I see it. I love you, I love, I love ! ”

He pressed her soft unresisting body to his bosom. Its very inertness awoke in him a wild passion, he was wringing his hands, whispering low, and showing nothing of the man, except a capacity for lying.

"I love you. We will not tell anybody. Nobody will know it. I will marry you to-morrow if you like. I love you so much that I cannot resist the temptation to possess you as mine. I will kiss you till you answer me. Well, Tenaida?" Then they became locked in an all-passionate embrace, and, and . . .

The young, intoxicated lover began to kiss her again vehemently, actually feeling his teeth pressing on her cheeks, when, from pain and sheer exhaustion, he lost all presence of mind. It seemed to him that already the girl's mouth quivered with a hitherto unknown pleasure!

In the next moment a flash of reason lit up his mind—then—he saw an awful precipice, and fell over it into the black abyss below! The unchanging, eternal name of that abyss has always been—still is—and ever will be—Remorse!

## MARSEILLAISE.

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HE was a miserable creature, with the soul of a hare, and persistent patience of a ploughing ox. When malicious fate pushed him into our black rows we laughed at him, like madmen who make such silly mistakes. And he?—he, of course, cried. . . . I have never until now seen a man whose tears flowed so easily, from eyes, nose, and mouth. He was just like a sponge, full of water, and squeezed into men's hands.

In our set I used to meet with weeping men, but their tears were like a fire from which even wild beasts run away. From such manly tears the face became aged, while the eyes beamed with youth, like an avalanche thrown out with force from

the burning heart of the earth. Such tears stamped indelible traces while concealing a whole mass of shallow desires and small sorrows. But when this man wept only his nose reddened a little, and his handkerchief got wet. Surely afterwards he dried it on the clothes-line! or where could he procure so many handkerchiefs? During the whole of his banishment he was seeking out the chief; for all he knew, and for all he only could create in his imagination, he used to bow, to weep, to swear that he was innocent. He asked for mercy, considering his youth, promising not to open his mouth otherwise than for requests and praises.

But everyone laughed at him, just as we had done, and called him "a little unhappy pig." Sometimes they shouted: "Come here, little pig!"

And he ran obediently at every call, thinking that perhaps he should receive

news of his return home, but they were only joking. They knew, as we did, that he was innocent, but continued to tease him, wishing to frighten other little pigs, as if they were not timid enough !

He used to come along to us, driven by sheer animal hatred of loneliness, but we always looked severe, and hid our intentions. In vain did he seek a key to them. In his absence of mind he would call us dear friends and companions, but we used to nod our heads and reply :

“ Look here ! They will hear you ! ”

Then he glanced towards the door, this little pig. Could we not make him earnest ?

We laughed as men not used to laughing. He moved and merrily sat down near, narrated some story, and cried, thinking of his books left on the table, then of his mother and brothers, about whom he now knew nothing, not even

whether they still lived or were dead ; past all grief and yearning.

At last we turned him out.

When starvation\* began he was seized with fear, and a very comical fear. He liked to eat very much, this poor little pig, but he was terribly afraid of his dear friends, and still more, afraid of his chief. He wandered among us like one distraught ! He wandered among us, wiping his brow stained by tears and perspiration. He asked me in an uncertain voice :

“ Do you intend to starve yourself long ? ”

“ Long ! ” I replied severely.

“ Will you not eat anything secretly ? ”

“ Well, our mummies will send us cakes, ” I answered earnestly.

He looked at me with doubts, shook his head, and heaving a sigh, went off.

\* In the prisons in Russia the political prisoners, in order to obtain some ease or privileges, refuse to eat, until they compel the authorities to give them what they ask for.



The next morning he declared to us, like a parrot, green out of fright.

“Dear companions! I will starve with you too.”

The general answer was:

“Starve by yourself!”

And he did starve himself. We did not wish to believe it. Just as you do not believe it, we supposed that he did eat something in secret. The inspectors thought the same. And when, at the end of his fast, he became ill with typhoid we only shrugged our shoulders and said: “Poor little pig!” But one of us—who never laughed, remarked gloomily: “He is our companion. Let us go to him.”

He spoke during the fever, and in his delirium he expressed the sadness of the whole of his life. He spoke of his favourite books, and of his mother and brothers; asked for some cake, and confessed that he was innocent, and asked forgiveness. He

called his fatherland, his dear fatherland. Oh ! be cursed weak human hearts ! He tore our souls with calling out : “ Dear Russia ! . . . ”

We witnessed his death, and shortly before the end he recovered his senses and lay quietly, so thin, so weak. We, his companions, stood close beside him. And we *all*, for we were many, heard him saying : “ When I am dying sing over me the “ Marseillaise.”

“ What do you say ! ” we exclaimed, shaking with joy.

Again he repeated :

“ When I am dying, sing over me the ‘ Marseillaise.’ ”

And then we noticed that his eyes, for the first time, were dry ; but we all, without exception, were weeping, and our burning tears were like the fire, from which wild beasts run away.

He died—and we sang over him the—

“Marseillaise.” With our young strong voices we sang the great song of liberty, and the ocean accompanied in a severe key, and over the ridges of its waves carried to our dear Fatherland pale terror and bloody hope! And for ever this soul became to us a symbol.

He—this miserable creature with the hare’s body and the stupidity of the ploughing ox—with the elevated soul of man. “Upon our knees before this hero, friends and companions!” said one of us.

We sang. . . .

The carbines looked upon us, their triggers clattered menacingly, and the sharp stings of bayonets aimed threateningly at our hearts; but louder and louder joyfully resounded the gloomy song! While, in the friendly arms of warriors, swung a black coffin. We were singing in that solemn moment the “Marseillaise”!



VLADIMIR KOROLENKO.



## VLADIMIR KOROLENKO.

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KOROLENKO was born on the 15th of June in the town of Getomer. His father was a Government official, and belonged to a noble family. His mother was a Pole, the daughter of a professor. Korolenko was first educated in Dubno. He finished at a public school there in 1870, having won a silver medal. He has described this small town in his work, "In Bad Society."

In 1868 his father died. He was a man of exceptional honesty, and left his family in poverty. Thanks to his industrious and self-sacrificing mother, Korolenko could finish at the public school and enter the Technological Institute, but the subsidy granted by Government to his

mother was very small, and was taken away from her when he entered the Technological Institute. Three years were passed in a great struggle in order to earn his living. He gave lessons, painted botanical atlases, corrected proofs. In 1874 Korolenko went to Moscow, having only twenty roubles (40s.) of hard-earned money in his pocket. There he entered the Petrovskaya Academy. Having passed the examinations in the second course he received a Government scholarship, and he fancied that fortune now smiled on him, but the hope was of short duration. In 1876 he was expelled for taking part against the Director in a collective petition drawn up by the students, and was sent to Vologdd. While on his way there he was remanded to Cronstadt. There he was imprisoned for one year.

In 1887 appeared the first edition of his "Narrations," which was translated



into the French, German, Polish, English, and Bohemian languages. His "Blind Musician" was published both in London and Boston.

## A STRANGE CHARACTER.

*(From Personal Remembrances.)*

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### I.

“Is there a station near here, my fellow?”

“Well, it is doubtful if we shall arrive before the snow-drift; just look, what a cloud of dust is driving up from the north.”

“True! how can we arrive before the storm?”

Towards evening it begins to get cooler. One hears how the snow creaks under the runners: the cold becomes more intense, the north wind roars more lustily in the dark forest, and the branches of the fir-trees are spreading out towards the forest-path, swinging heavily at the fall of dusk. It is cold and uncomfortable. This small closed carriage is too narrow,

so that it confines on both sides, and that serves to hinder us; the sabres and revolvers of the escorting gendarmes take up the space. The small bell sounds monotonously, joining the moans of the lamenting snowstorm. Fortunately a little solitary light can be seen at the station, which is situated on the edge of the roaring forest.

My "leaders," jingling with different sorts of arms, shake off the snow in a hot room, which is dark and full of soot. This inn is poor and inhospitable. The hostess endeavoured to light up the room with the dull rays of smoky wood.

"Have you by any chance anything to eat, my good woman?"

"No, I have nothing . . ."

"Not even fish? yet the river is quite near. . . ."

"Well, fish there has been some, but otters have swallowed it."

“ Then perhaps you have some potatoes ? ”

“ They have been blasted with the frost. . . ”

There was no help for it ; so bread alone was supplied. The hostess brought in the tea-urn (samovar) to our astonishment. Thank God for that ! We were getting warm cups of tea brought, which we drank, and then ate bread with onions, which the hostess presented in a basket. In the meantime outside a raging snow-storm was going on. The snow beat against the window coming down copiously, and noisily striking against the wall, a flame of fire flickered and sometimes appeared inclined to go out.

“ It is impossible for you people to drive farther,” she said — “ remain here for the night ! ”

“ What can we do ? why not stay here ! ”

“You gentlemen have been accustomed to hurry. You will arrive in time I suppose. . . . You see what this country is, and further north is a hundred times worse, believe my word ! . . .”

All in the room became silent. Even the hostess left her distaff and yarn, and, having put out the fire went to bed. Darkness and silence prevailed everywhere, only occasionally interrupted by the roar of an approaching violent gust of wind !

I could not sleep for the hurricane raised sad thoughts in my mind and this continued . . .

“As I see sleep does not come to you”—said one of the “leaders.” He was an old man, pleasant enough, and prudent with an amiable face, one could almost call him intelligent, knew his duty very well, although he was not severe.

“It is true, I cannot go to sleep.”

A certain time passed in silence, then I perceived that my neighbour also could not sleep—evidently in his head also sad thoughts were wandering. The second “leader,” a young assistant, is enjoying the sleep of a strong and very tired man, only from time to time he murmured indistinctly :

“ I wonder at you gentlemen.” Again there rung out the loud voice of an older leader: “ You are young men, well brought up, educated, and yet look how you are spoiling your life ! ”

“ How is it ? ”

“ Ah, sir. You think we do not even understand that ? . . . We understand well that you were not born to such a life, and you have not been used to it from your childhood. Are you, sir, indeed glad of that ? ”—he pronounced these words in a tone of doubt.

“ Not very—it is true. And you,—are you cheerful ? ”

Silence! Gavriloff (such was the name of my companion) seems to me to have some secret design in view.

“No, sir, I will tell you something . . . Believe me, upon my word, there comes to me such a moment that I wish not to look at the world at all . . . Its origin I do not know. I only am aware that such a time comes—well, then just like a knife piercing my heart, and that is all.”

“Perhaps your service is too toilsome?”

“Service is service . . . It is true that it is no pleasure; the authorities also are said to be severe, but, there, nothing of that should be spoken of.”

“What is it then?”

“Who knows that?”

Again silence reigned.

“Still, now having suffered already so much, I grew familiarised with my fate. Well, and the authorities took notice of me, and I was promoted as a non-com-

missioned officer; no punishment was laid upon me, but I was even soon to be dismissed. . .”

“What was it for?”

“Well, I will tell you, sir, what happened to me. . .”

## II.

“I entered the army in 1874. It was a squadron of recruits, and I fulfilled my duties, I can say, very well. I did everything with much zeal, according to order. As I knew how to write and read fairly well the authorities kept eye upon me. Our major was my compatriot, and he, seeing my grief, called me one day to him and said, “Now, Gavriloff, I will introduce you as a candidate for becoming a non-commissioned officer: have you ever been in commissions?”

“No, never, your highness,” I answered.



"Well," said he, "next time I will present you as an assistant."

"I am listening to your highness," I said. "I have not been as yet in any expeditions."

Although it is not necessary to be very wise to do that, one can say, but no, it is not so easy, and much discretion is needed. Yes, well . . . After a week they called me before the chief, and also before this non-commissioned officer.

"We appoint you," said the chief, "to an expedition, and it is necessary to set out at once. This is your assistant," and he pointed to me. He had not yet been appointed, remember. He said: "Not to gape; show that you are no roistering blade if it happens that you have to drive out a young lady from a palace. Here you have the instructions," he said, "and go with God's help."

The non-commissioned officer Ivanoff

drove off with me as his superior officer. All instructions were given into his hands, he received all money, gave all information, and a private soldier was appointed to help him when needed, to be sent anywhere, or to watch anything, to do this or that . . .

Very well . . . In the early morning at day-break, going out from my chief, I looked and found my Ivanoff had already been drinking whisky. He was a man, in truth, not at all suitable for his office. In the presence of authority he behaved as he ought to an officer, but he told stories about others: he had already rendered bad service to others. But when he got out he at once secured a glass of whisky—that was his first duty. We came to the “palace,” and, as was necessary, delivered the paper; then we stood and waited. Curiosity seized me as to which young lady would drive out,

and, according to the instructions, I was obliged to drive her far away, for she was not destined to live in the town, only in the country. So I was exceedingly curious; at first I could hardly stand . . . Having waited in this manner almost one hour, until her dresses were packed, her all was put into a very small trunk—one dress only, a few other articles, altogether it seemed nothing. She had only a few books, nothing more; evidently she had poor parents, at least I think so. At once they led her out. I looked at her, such a young girl, she seemed to me almost a child! She had long fair hair plaited in one plait, her cheeks were flushed, but soon afterwards I noticed that she was exceedingly pale during the whole journey. Then such a yearning overwhelmed me; I pitied her so much! so much! . . .

She began to put on her overcoat and

goloshes. We were ordered to examine all her belongings. That was legal according to our instructions, and we were obliged to carry them out.

“Have you any money about you?” we asked. One rouble and twenty kopecks (1s. 6d.) were found on her, and the “senior” took the cash. “Then,” he said, “Miss, I must search you.” Then her anger burst forth, her eyes inflamed, and her colour deepened. When she looked at us, will you believe, sir, I could not move from the spot. Well, but the “senior,” as he was drunk, approached her directly . . . “I am obliged,” he said, “I have instructions . . . I have.” Then she cried out, so that even the drunken Ivanoff retired from her. I looked at her, her face was very pale, without a drop of blood, and her eyes became quite black, and she was exceedingly angry . . . She stamped with her

feet, spoke very quickly, only I will confess I did not much listen to what she said. The superintendent was afraid, and brought her some water in a glass.

"Be quiet," said he, "be so kind and have pity upon yourself." And she—she came forward and pounced upon him! "Rascals," she shouted, and indulged in still more audacious epithets. "As you like—but against authority, it is not well . . ."

The chief surveyor led her out to the other room, but soon she appeared with the chief inspectress, who said, "She has nothing." Meanwhile the girl looked at the surveyor, laughed straight in his face, and her eyes were furious. . .

We drove farther, and passed through the town. She was continually looking out of the carriage window—one might say that she was bidding farewell, or wanted to see an acquaintance. So Ivanoff drew

the curtain down and covered the window. Then she hid herself in the depths, pressed against the side of the carriage, and looked at us. And I must confess I could not endure it longer, so I pulled back the curtain as if I myself wished to look out a little, and uncovered the window so that she could have light. . . But she did not look any more through the window, but continued to sit back in the corner appearing very angry. She bit her lips till they bled.

### III.

We started by railway. The weather that day was very fine: it was autumn, in September. The sun shone, and a fresh autumnal breeze was blowing. The young lady opened the window of the compartment and leant out and sat thus. According to instruction, you know, one was not allowed to open the window, and

my Ivanoff, as he entered the carriage, began at once to swear, and I did not dare then to say anything to her about it. Afterwards I ventured to approach her, and said, "Will you, Miss, please close the window." She did not answer or pay any attention any more than if I had not spoken to her, yet I knew well she had heard all. I waited a little, then addressed her again: "You will catch cold, Miss; it is very cold." She turned her face towards me and looked as if she was astonished. Again she looked at me and said in a very low voice: "Leave me alone!" And again she leant out of the window, and I waved my hand and retired. She then became calmer. She closed the window, wrapped herself in her overcoat—to keep warm, I think, for the wind was fresh and cold. Afterwards she approached the window and again looked out; evidently, after having been in prison,

she could enjoy the air enough. She became a little brighter, looked round, and seemed to smile, and then I looked kindly at her. I tell you candidly that if the authorities would have permitted me, it seems to me, I should have married her at once instead of sending her into exile. . .

Leaving the town we were obliged to drive with three horses. My Ivanoff was extremely drunk. He slept a little, and then again began to drink. He got out of the train and staggered. Well that I think is very bad if at the same time he did not waste the governmental money. He climbed at last upon the post-chaise and began to loll and to sneer. She sat close to him, and was ill-humoured. She looked at him, as if she regarded him as a reptile. She placed herself in such a manner as not to touch him at all, sat far back right in the corner, while I sat on the coach-box.



As we drove out a dreadfully cold wind caught us and I shook all over my body, and she also. I saw how cold she looked: she coughed terribly and held her handkerchief to her mouth. I looked at the handkerchief, blood was to be seen upon it. At once, as if a pin pricked me, "Oh, Miss," I said, "how can you do thus? You are very ill, and look in what weather you are driving, the cold is dreadful. How can you?" I said. She threw upon me a glance for one moment, and then, as if boiling over with passion, she exclaimed: "What is the matter with you? Are you a fool? Don't you understand that I am not driving of my own free will. You are splendid!" she said. "He drives me himself, and still he appears to have some sympathy. . . ." "Could you not let the authorities know your state?" I asked, "it would be better to stay in hospital than to drive in such weather as this.

The journey is still a very long one!" "And where to?" she asked. "We are, as you know, not allowed to give such explanations to offenders—that is, to tell them to what part they are being driven." She saw my hesitation and turned towards me. "It is not necessary," said she. "I only asked . . . Do not speak to me any more, and do not interfere with me." Yet I could not help saying: "The place we are driving to, Miss, is certainly not near. . ."

Again she bit her lips, knitted her brows, and did not answer. I shook my head. "Well, well, Miss, you are young and do not know what it means." I felt very sorry, and she looked at me, saying: "In vain, you think so. I know well what it means, but notwithstanding that I will not go into the hospital. Thank you . . . I prefer already to die at liberty than in your prison hospital. You think, per-

haps," she said, "that I feel ill from the wind or that I am catching cold, but is it so . . . ?" "Are any of your relations living?" I asked her that question because she seemed to express a wish to join her own people and establish her health. "No," she replied, "I have neither family nor acquaintances. And the town is also strange to me, but surely there I shall find some companions my equals." I was very astonished that she could call these strange people her own. Is it possible, I thought to myself, that someone would care to feed you, poor thing, without money, and still more you being a stranger. . . But I did not ask her, I saw that she knitted her brows, and was not evidently pleased that I inquired about her.

The evening was coming on. I saw, clouds drawing up, the cold wind blew, and rain fell in abundance. The mud

had not dried, and now such a shower came on. The whole of my back was splashed with mud, and the girl, too, suffered a great deal from it. In short, the weather became most dreadful, the rain cut straight into one's face, and, although the vehicle was covered and I had covered her with a rush-mat, yet all was in vain. Everywhere it ran through. I looked and she was shivering all over her body, and she even shut her eyes. Down her face the drops of rain were flowing, her cheeks became pale, and she did not move, and appeared to be in a swoon. I became very frightened, and could see it was a very difficult affair with her, very difficult. . .

#### IV.

We arrived at the town of Yaroslaff towards evening. I awqke Ivanoff, and we went to the station. I ordered them

to heat the samovar (tea-urn). From that town vessels are allowed to pass only according to instructions, and we were not permitted to drive on. But although for such persons as ourselves it was more convenient to exercise thereby some economy, yet it was not quite safe. In the harbour, as you know, policemen are stationed, and the "friend" (gendarme) is always ready to lay some intrigue. And now our young lady said: "I will not drive with a post-chaise any longer; if you wish," she added, "then drive me to a vessel." And my Ivanoff, rubbing his eyes after his drunken fit, became ill-humoured and furious. . . "You," he said to the girl, "are not allowed to reason about it, they will drive you where they like; you must go this way." She answered nothing, but to me she said thus: "Did you hear what I said? I will not drive in a post-chaise." I took Ivanoff aside.

"It is necessary," I said, "to drive her to a vessel, it is even more convenient, for you will make more out of it. . . ." He accepted it, looking like a coward. "The colonel lives here," he said, "in order that nothing should happen to us, go," he said, "ask, inquire of him; I cannot go, I feel unwell." "The colonel does not live very far off, let us go," I added. "Let us take the young lady with us." My reason for this was that Ivanoff being drunk I was afraid he would fall asleep again, and then it might turn out bad for our lady. She might go away by stealth in the meanwhile, I thought, or do herself some harm. Then we should have to answer for it.

We went to the colonel's house. He came out to us. "What do you want?" asked he. Then she explained to him, but not speaking very politely. If she had asked nicely: "So and so, may I

ask a favour of you." But she began to speak as she did with us. "By what law," she repeated continually, and soon he perceived how proudly she expressed herself, and with what arrogant words. The colonel listened to her, and then answered calmly: "I cannot, I can do nothing to alter the law; what you desire is not allowed." I looked at the girl; she turned red, and her eyes, one might say, were like burning coals. "Law?" she shouted, and she laughed sarcastically as usual, and both angrily and loudly. "It is true," answered the colonel, "there is such a law." I must confess here I forgot myself, and said: "It is true, your highness, that there is such a law, only this young person, your highness, is ill." He looked at me sternly. "What is your name?" he asked. "And if you, miss, are ill," said the colonel, "then perhaps you will kindly go into the prison hospital?"

She turned back and went out without a word. And we followed. She did not wish to go to the hospital, and if she had not remained in the hospital here in a strange country, especially as she had no money, what could she have done? Ivanoff became enraged with me. "What now," he said, "we must now infallibly suffer through you, blockhead?" He ordered the horses to be put to the post-chaise immediately, and did not allow us to pass the night in that quarter, so we were obliged to drive out during the night. We approached her. "Be so kind, Miss, as to come," we said, "the horses are waiting." She was resting on a sofa with the intention of warming herself. She jumped at once to her feet, stood before us, drew herself up, looked straight at us, and I could tell you it was for me dreadful to look at her. "Vile wretches!" she cried, and added something more, which



was unintelligible. Then she spoke vehemently and woefully. "Well!" she cried out: "Now, if you wish, you can murder me: do with me what you like, I start!"

On the table stood the tea-urn, but she had not yet taken tea. We then made the tea, and I poured it out and gave her also a cup. There was white bread and I cut her a piece. "Taste," I said, "eat some, for the journey is long, and warm yourself a little." But she put on her goloshes, turned, and gave me such a look, shrugging her shoulders. Then she said: "What a strange man? You are quite foolish. You think I will take your tea?"

Can you imagine, sir, how her words affected me? When I think even now of them my heart aches. Well, sir, then you know it is not an abomination to eat with us either bread or salt. We drove the squire, Rudakoff, and he did not

despise us, but she did ! Afterwards she ordered the tea-urn to be put on the other table. She paid thrice ! Strange girl !

The narrator ceased to speak and for a certain time silence reigned in the room, only disturbed by the even breathing of a young gendarme.

“Do not you sleep yet ?” asks Gavriloff.

“No, speak on please, I am listening.”

## V.

After a moment of silence the narrator went on—I felt much for her. During the journey it rained continually all through the nights; the weather was very bad. We drove through the forest. I drove but I did not see her, for the nights were very dark. Nothing could be seen, but will you believe me, this young lady is continually before my eyes to such a

degree that all day and night I see her before me. There is her pale face full of anger; I see her when she sits frozen gazing somewhere far away, as if some thought was imprinted on her mind. When we drove from the station I wished to cover her with a fur. "Put on this fur," I said, "it will keep you warm." She threw it away.

"It is yours," she said, "you can wear it."

Certainly the fur was mine, but I guessed she would not take it if she knew that. I said: "It is not mine, I tell you, according to the law it belongs to you." Well, she put it on . . . but it did not help very much. At day-break I looked at her again; all the blood had gone from her face. When we passed the station again she ordered Ivanoff to sit on the coach-box. He murmured, but dared not contradict. He was less tipsy

now. I sat beside her. We drove on for three days and nights without staying anywhere. The first instruction was : Do not stop for a night's lodging, only in case of great fatigue and then only in towns in which there is a guard. Well, you know what towns are like here. Still she hurried continually, for she wished to be at her place of destination as soon as possible. At last we came to the end of our journey ; it was like a burden lifted off my shoulders when we saw in the distance the town. I wish to say that near the end of the drive she lay almost supported by my arms . . . I saw she lay in the coach senseless,—when the coach was shaken on the rough road she struck her head against the arm of the coach. I held her up with my right hand, and in that manner we drove on. The position was easier for her, yet at first she pushed me away : “ Go away ! ”

she cried—"do not touch me." But afterwards she said nothing . . . Perhaps for this reason that she became senseless . . . Her eyes were shut, her eyelids looked dark, and her face became more serene; she was not so angry as before. And even in her sleep she smiled. Surely she dreamt about something very pleasant.

When we arrived at the town she recovered herself, and got up. The weather became beautiful and the sun appeared, cheering us all.

But her sojourn at this place was not a long one. They sent her farther still, and again I was obliged to drive her, because those gendarmes were on other routes. And, although she was exceedingly tired, she set out joyfully. When the time for departure came the people flew to her—the young girls and students, certainly all political offenders . . . And

all seemed to be acquainted with her, spoke to her, and shook hands. They brought her some money and a shawl for the journey, and went to see her off. We drove now more cheerfully. She often coughed and did not look at us, acting as if we were not there. We drove at last to a small town, where she was to live. When they noted her at the police-office she asked after some name. "Does so and so live here?" she said, "such and such a gentleman?"

"Yes," they answered.

The chief of the gendarmes came. "Where will you live?" he asked. "I do not know," she answered, "but now I will go to Mr. Rozanoff." He shook his head once again, while she went away without even bidding us farewell . . .

## VI.

"Did you ever see her again?"

“I saw her, but it would have been better not to have seen her at all. . . Very soon I saw her. When I returned from this expedition a new order came, and we were again sent by the same route. This time we conducted a student—he was cheerful, sang various songs, and knew well how to swallow whisky. He was sent still farther. We drove through the same town in which we had left the girl, and curiosity induced me to try to learn what had become of her. “Does the young lady live here?” I inquired. They said: “Yes, but she acted strangely when she first came here; she went at once to see one of the ‘offenders,’ and from that time nobody has seen her; she is living with him. . . Some say she is ill, while others gossip and affirm that she is pregnant, and that she is living with him as unmarried. . . How people can invent! And I knew, then, why she

lived with him ; I recollected that she had said once: "I desire only to die among my own people." Such curiosity overwhelmed me ; it was not curiosity alone, but something more, which drew me towards her. . . I will go, I think ; I will see her at least.

I set out, and a good man showed me the road. These people lived at the other end of the town. It was a small house, its doors being very low. I entered. It was the home of an offender. I looked in, it was very tidy, only a small room, but very bright ; in a corner stood a bed which was screened from the other part of the apartment, and there, close beside it, stood a work-table, and on a bench other bedding was spread. As I entered she was sitting on her bed, wrapped in a shawl, and was sewing ; and the offender was sitting close by her on the bench, and reading a book. She was sewing



and listening. I knocked at the door, and when she saw me she jumped up, caught the young man by the hand, and almost expired from fright . . . Her eyes enlarged, darkened, and she became angry as before; she seemed to grow paler. When she squeezed the young man's hand very tight he, too, was frightened, and asked her: "What was the matter?" He said, "Be calm." He did not see me at all at the door. Then she dropped his hand, and wished to get up from the bed. "Good-bye!" she said, "they evidently regretted that I should die calmly; good-bye!" At that he turned, saw me . . . how he jumped to his feet! . . . I thought certainly he was going to kill me. . .

Do you know they thought I had come to take her away, but he perceived that I was standing half dead with fear, and that I was alone. He turned towards her, took her hand and, laughing, said: "But

be calm!" "and you"—he addressed me—"What do you want?"

I was exceedingly sorry that I had frightened them; I said so, and that I came to visit her. She recognised me, and I saw she was as angry as before. Her blood boiled within her, and it seemed to me that I should like to have served her in some way. She looked at me as if I was a reptile.

At last he understood my thoughts, and, smiling, began to whisper something to her. I couldn't understand, because, like you, gentlemen, they spoke among themselves. It was very strange. He spoke so quietly, so softly, while she talked angrily and roughly. The prisoner said: "Think a little; this is a man who has come to you, not a gendarme . . ." But she replied: "But what does he want here?"

Jesus! I think, am I not a man in her

estimation? Have I done her wrong? Such a bitterness overcame me! "Excuse me, please," I said, "that I frightened you!" "It does not matter that you frightened me," was her reply, "that does not matter to me."

I felt very moved. "Good-bye," she said, and the young man addressed me, gave me his hand, and asked where we were driving to now. "When you drive back come in, I pray you." But she looked at him and smiled. "I do not understand," she said. "Ah, but you will understand sometime, for you have a good heart," the young man replied.

On the return drive the inspector called "the elder," and said: "You will remain here for new orders; I received a telegram to wait for the paper at the post-office." We remained. Then, again, I went in their direction, that is near their house, but on my way I thought to myself: "I

will visit their landlord, and ask about them." I went. "It was going badly with her," said the landlord; "I trust she may not die. I am afraid that the authorities might make me responsible. I hope she will not wish to call in the Greek priest." We stood talking thus. In that very moment came out the convict. This young man saw me, greeted me, and said: "Again you are here? Well, come in, please." Then I entered on tip-toe, and he followed me. She looked and asked: "Has this man come again? Did you call him?" "No," he said, "I did not call him; he came of his own free will." Here I could not help saying: "Miss, why have you no heart for me, am I your enemy?" "Enemy! do not you know yourself? Enemy!" Her voice became weak, then she was silent; her cheeks burnt, and her face was so sweet for me that, in fact, it seemed to me like the face

of an angel in church ! I at once recognised that she was not going to live long in this cold world, and began to ask her forgiveness, just as she herself, I thought, would not like to die without forgiveness . . . "Forgive me," I said, "if I have done you any harm." Again I noticed a certain inward excitement. "To forgive you? Do you ask again, I will never forgive you, never!"

The narrator ceased speaking and began again to muse. Soon afterwards he recommenced, almost recapitulating. This conversation ensued: You are an educated man, and ought to understand their speech: now I will tell you what I have retained. When they began to talk more calmly and softly I listened to them. These words fell into my soul, and still to-day I remember them, only I do not know their exact meaning. The young man addressed her with these words:

"You ought to understand," he said, "that the forgiveness does not matter, but that a man's acknowledgment does signify. To forgive is another thing," he added; "he himself, perhaps, would not forgive." Afterwards they began to speak incoherently. Each looked at the other; they looked, as it were, into each other's hearts, and continued to dispute. . . He to her: "You," he said, "you are sectarian." "And you," she to him, "you are a cold, indifferent man." No sooner had she pronounced these words than he jumped up at once on the spot. "Indifferent!" he exclaimed, "but you yourself know that you did tell an untruth!" "Let it be so," she responded, and smiled at him, "and you, you spoke truth, perhaps?" "But I," he said, "I told the truth." She thought for a while, and afterwards put out her hand to him. He took it, while she looked straight into his

face and said: "Yes, perhaps you are right." And I stood dumb like a post, staring! and a bitter feeling rent my breast and tore my heart, and tears stood in my eyes. Slowly she turned towards me, looked up at me without anger, and gave me her hand. "But let me tell you," she said, "I must tell you that never, never, will I forgive you. Do you hear? We are enemies! Yet I will give you my hand because I wish you to become a man." "Now I am tired," she spoke to the young man, and I went out.

## VII.

She died very soon afterwards. When they buried her I did not know, for the inspector called me away. But the next day I met this convict; as I approached him I looked him in the face. Good gracious! how changed he was! He was

tall, with a very serious expression, formerly he looked at me benevolently, but now he evidently regarded me as a beast. He gave me his hand, but soon dropped mine suddenly and turning round "I cannot," he said, "see you now, go away, my brother, for Jesus' sake—go away! If you remain in the town, come to me later on, please." He bowed and turned away. I sought my lodging, and all these sorrowful circumstances so oppressed me that for two entire days I could not eat any food. Sad grief filled my mind! On the third day the inspector called me forward and ordered me to start. The paper came with the order to drive her farther on, but God Himself had taken pity on her and removed her. The gendarme was pleased and began to cross himself thrice.

Now as to what happened to me finally. It was not the end of me. Driving back



we came to a little station. I entered the waiting-room. On the table was the teapurn boiling and there was a good supply of refreshments, with an old woman sitting by and the landlady appeared to be treating her with some tea. She was short, very clean, cheerful and talkative,—continually speaking to the landlady about her business. “Well,” she said, “I have gathered all my things together, sold my house, and have driven over to see my darling daughter. How glad she will be! She will scold me a little certainly, will be angry, I know it, but however she will be very glad. . . . She wrote to me but told me not to come to see her in any case. . . . Well, but never mind!”

Here I felt as if someone pushed my left side. I went out into the kitchen. “Who is that lady?” I asked the servant. “She is the mother of that girl whom you drove away, not long ago.” Can you

imagine how something shook me? The girl saw that I changed colour and asked, "What is the matter with you, soldier, tell me?" "Be silent," I said, "That young lady is dead!" This servant was usually very gay and liked to flirt with the passing travellers, but on hearing that news, she wrung her hands and burst into tears, and ran out of the kitchen!

I took my cap and went out also, and in passing heard how this old woman was still chattering with the landlady. And I recollect even now how I was frightened at that old woman, I cannot express it even to you. I stole slowly along the road, and the cart overtaking me with Ivanoff I got into it.

### VIII.

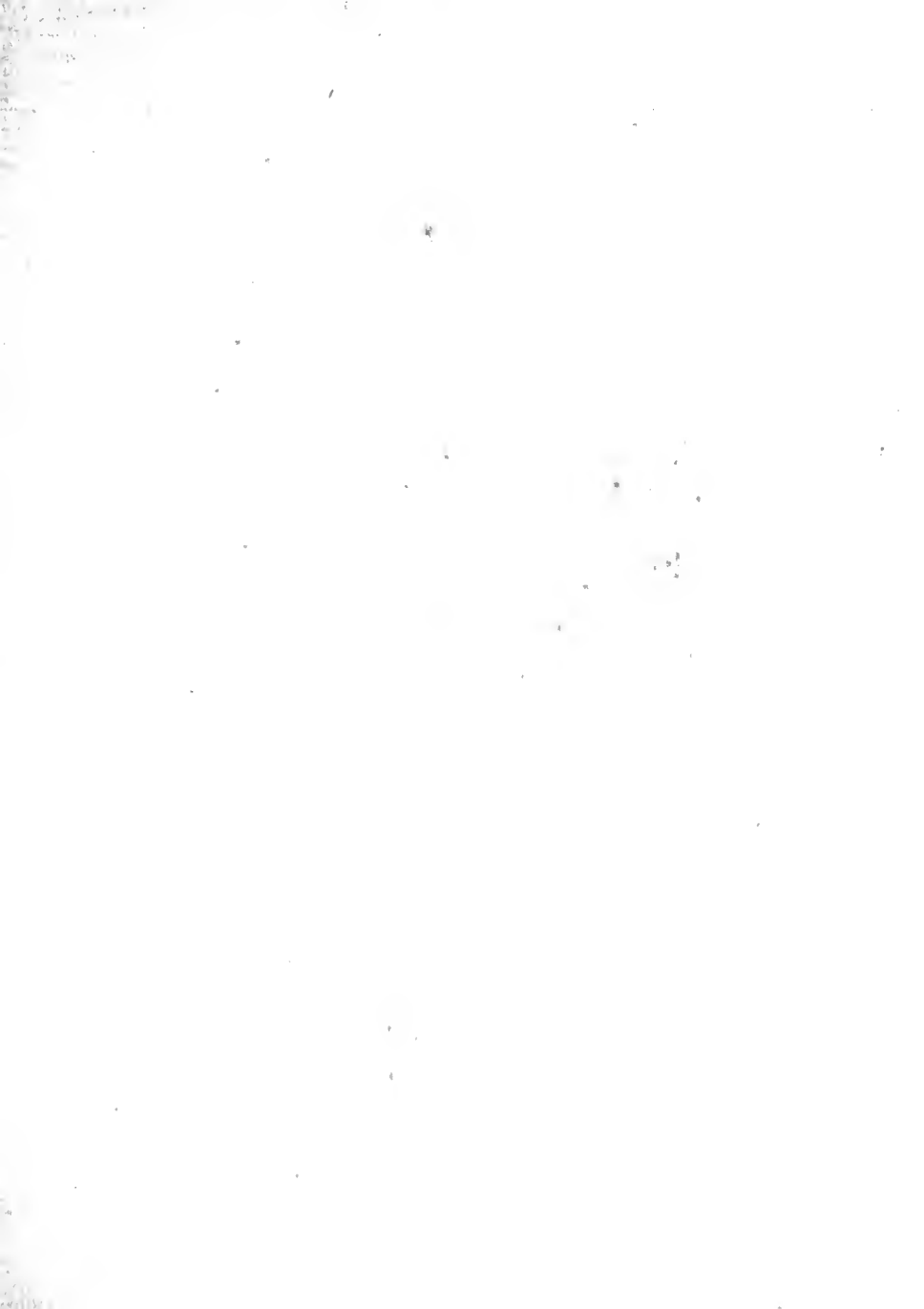
Now see how the matter stood! The inspector evidently let the authorities

know that I had visited the political offenders and the colonel of the town, Yaroslaff, had also communicated the fact that I took her, and both conspired together against the government. That heaped up the measure of their anger.

The chief gendarme did not now wish to promote me. "Which of you is the non-commissioned officer?" he asked. "I," I answered. "You are like a woman! You ought to be taken as a blockhead to prison!" Just then I felt to be in a state of such indifference that I did not regret anything! . . . Only that wretchedly sad young woman, I could not forget her, and now I feel the same; she lingers ever before my eyes. What could it mean? Who could explain this? . . . But don't you go to sleep, sir? . . . I could not fall asleep. . . A mysterious misgiving stole over me as I again contemplated her in the twilight.

That humble cottage in the forest tormented my soul, and the mournful figure of the dead girl stood like a fair marble pillar—motionless, immaculate, and, at the same time, invulnerable to the sobbing tempest around her.







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